

# FOUR CORNERS

JUNE

1914





# Four Corners

VOL. II.

JUNE, 1914

NO. 3



## Literary



### The Seniors

The term is done, and the school  
Year is ended for all;  
Silence reigns in the class rooms  
And in the vacant hall.

A feeling of sadness comes over us  
That we cannot resist;  
Two of our schoolmates have left us  
And their presence is greatly missed.

We will miss them in our every task  
And also in our sports,  
Although it is not for us to ask,  
Why friends must always part.

But with our sorrow is blended  
The joy of Seniors two,  
For their High School life is ended  
And other labors are in view.

Now the Seniors have left us  
Their places we cannot fill,  
But we hope to reach the summits  
Of the high school knowledge hill.

### The Chemistry of the Kitchen

*Helen Leonard*



IN this age of applied science all opportunities of benefiting the household should be seized upon. Whatever, then, will enlighten the mind, and lessen the burden of care of every housekeeper will be a great boon. At the present time when the gas stove and electric appliances are a familiar topic, there is perhaps, no branch of science which might be more beneficial to us, if it were properly understood than chemistry,—the chemistry of the kitchen.

Of course chemistry is taught in nearly every High School, and every scholar has a dim idea of what it means, but to gather up the ideas and put them into a completely definite and practical form would be more of a task than the ordinary student would care to undertake, so I will only take up a few of the principal things in a household in which the knowledge and application of such knowledge of chemistry is an important factor.

Of course there are certain things which nearly every one knows. We all know that unless food is properly cooked and prepared, a person's health is soon injured; and we all have had it taught us that we must not drink milk after eating cherries or lobsters; but perhaps we do not know that it is because the chemical combination causes a huge mass like India rubber to form in the stomach, which can not be digested.

Fully as important as the food which we take into our bodies is the condition of our surroundings. Not any of us would care for food which had been prepared in a place which was not clean, and although all of us can not have the modern conveniences that some enjoy, yet there are none of us but what can keep what we do have clean and wholesome. Here, again, a little chemical knowledge may be used to advantage. Although washing powders are excellent for removing dirt, yet they have to be used with caution as they are very injurious to the skin if used in large proportion.

To my mind soap is a very essential thing for us to know about. The general ingredients of soaps are, fats of different kinds combined with some alkaline base. In the cheaper soaps any old refuse fat is put in. The toilet soaps are more expensive because the



colorings and the perfumes which are used in them are, for the most part, imported from other countries.

There are three acids which should be found in every laundry closet,—acetic, muriatic and oxalic acid. Acetic acid will usually restore the bright color to nearly all shades of blue which have become faded by washing. Muriatic acid is useful in a multitude of ways. It will immediately remove iron rust from fabrics and is indispensable in cleaning porcelain or china. Oxalic acid is usually purchased in white crystals and then a solution is made for use in the laundry. It is invaluable to the housekeeper for removing ink stains and is very efficient for cleaning brass. In every kitchen there ought to be a certain shelf for keeping such things as these, because often distressing accidents occur from the careless placing of them.

It is surely a problem of the greatest interest to every housekeeper how to keep her household and its belongings in a state of cleanliness that will produce a state of perfect health, for a large portion of disease is a direct result of uncleanly ways.

Turning from cleaning to cooking, we find other interesting problems.

It seems as though the boiling of water is one of the first things to understand thoroughly as it is one of the most rudimentary of the operations of cooking and the most frequently performed. Water is boiled in the kitchen for two distinct purposes: the cooking of itself; and the cooking of other things. Some may think that there is not much difference between "raw" and "cooked" water, but there is considerable difference and a very important one. In the cooked water the atmospheric gases have been entirely eliminated and if we taste it the difference in flavor is very noticeable. Most water that contains organic matter contributed by sewers, house drainage or other impure sources may be made harmless by boiling.

From this we will turn our attention to bread. The ideal loaf of bread is a light, spongy loaf,—the more porous the more easily it is digested. In the preparation, yeast is added to the flour and warm liquid. The yeast at once begins to act upon the starch, but there is not any noticeable change for several hours. As soon as

the sugar which has formed is decomposed into alcohol and carbonic acid gas the latter product makes itself known by the bubbles which appear and the consequent swelling of the whole mass. It is this carbon dioxide which causes the sponge-like condition of the loaf. The production of this gas is the end of the chemical process, for the rest is strictly mechanical. The kneading is for the purpose of breaking up the bubbles of gas in order that there may be no large holes but only very fine ones distributed evenly through the loaf. The bread is now ready for the oven, the temperature of which should be carefully regulated. The baking of the loaf has for its object to kill the ferment, to heat the starch sufficiently to render it easily soluble, to expand the carbonic acid gas and drive off the alcohol, and to have a crust formed which will have a pleasant flavor. The most favorable temperature for baking bread is from 400 to 550 F.

Of course these things are only a very small part of the lessons that might be learned in the kitchen, but it surely would be a study worthy of a great deal of thought as a careful application of it means health to the members of our home.

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### Saved by One Minute

J. F. W., '07



T was on a dark, stormy night that a girl about seventeen years of age was seen creeping down the railroad track to a bridge which had been broken by a freight train.

This girl had been in the station about 9:15 when she heard a man say, "It is pretty near time for the 9:42 freight to come and I have to be here to stop the other trains because the bridge about a mile and a half from here is broken." Who is willing to go down the track and stop the train?"

Not one of the men happened to see this girl, when she came into the station, so she quietly opened the door and ran down the track towards the bridge. She was running as fast as she could and had only about a half a mile to go, when she heard the loud, shrill, whistle of the swift coming train. She looked at her watch, and said to herself, "half past nine, can I make it? I can try it anyway." So she started on again. Soon she came to the edge of the



bridge; she heard the loud thunder, saw the lightning flash, and could see the water whirling in under the bridge.

She had just got on the other side of the broken ties when she saw the bright light of the swift coming train. She ran as far as she could, took her lantern, and for a whole minute swung it back and forth. The train got almost to her, and she thought the engineer had not seen the lantern, when lo! the train slackens and in a minute is still.

The engineer came to her and said, "What is the trouble, is there danger ahead?" she pointed to the broken bridge and never said a word. She was exhausted from her run. He spoke to her again, but no answer; he stepped up to her and had just taken her arm when she fainted. After her strength had returned again the engineer asked her name and she told him she did not think there was any need of his knowing her name, because she hadn't done any thing of much value. He asked her again and this time she told him her name was Hazel Weymouth of Pine Point, Maine.

He asked her, "If he might be called her friend," and she said "yes." So Hazel Weymouth and Frank Gilder have been friends ever since that stormy night.

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### **Please Explain**

*Molly*

The last few weeks we've heard  
A number of remarks,  
Some were based on such untruths  
They gave us dreadful starts.

First they called us buffaloes  
And then they called us sheep,  
And last of all they said  
That Scarboro High was asleep.

Although we may not do the best,  
Nor the highest summits reach,  
Still we will keep on climbing  
Toward those well known peaks.

We would love to have the people  
Come and visit us each day,  
And give us any good advice  
That will help us on our way.

If you have any message for us  
Just come and tell us now,  
But don't call us beasts or buffaloes  
For that we'll not allow.

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### The Robinson Prize

*Ruth Bowley, '07*

**A**S Helen Clark walked briskly under the budding maples, she wondered what success the day would bring her. It was a very important day for her, one of the most exciting in her whole little life, for it was the day of the Robinson Prize Contest. She had thought of how, a year ago, sweet old Dr. Robinson had visited her class and had promised a beautiful bound and illustrated set of books of travel to the girl who should stand the highest, in geography, at the end of a year's time. Helen's vivid imagination reveled in stories of strange lands, peoples, and customs, and she had resolved to win those books.

Miss Everett's class book gave proof of Helen's hours of study. Day after day she shut herself up in the library with her geography, trying not to listen to the children's amusement outside. Helen had made a desperate effort, but—so had Marion Jones! At the end of time Marion and Helen stood together at the head of the class, and Miss Everett said that the winner must be selected by the marks in the final examination. The questions would call for very short, but absolutely correct answers.

"Only a few words," laughed Helen as she went up the steps with her chum, "but they must be the right few!"

Two hours later, Helen sat busily thinking how to answer her tenth and last question. The other nine were answered correctly; she felt sure of them. But what was the name of the cape on the southwestern coast of Portugal?



"Cape St. Vincent" had flashed into her mind as she read the question, but she felt doubtful about it. The more she tried to picture the once familiar map of Portugal the more confused she became. In her excited mind's eye all three capes, St. Vincent, Finisterre, and Ortegal, danced wildly all over Portugal, absolutely refusing to stay in one spot for two consecutive seconds. Slowly and doubtfully she wrote down the name of Cape St. Vincent. Miss Everett had said that the first thought was generally right, but how was one to know?

As in answer to her inquiry, a little breeze, on mischief bent, came scurrying in through the open window. It frolicked for a while in Helen's loose brown curls; then, with a sudden whirl, it lifted a paper from Marion's desk. It slid off to the floor and settled under Helen's seat. As Helen picked it up to hand it to Marion her eyes happened to catch these words:

"The cape on the southwestern coast of Portugal is Cape Finisterre."

Of course! she had felt sure all along that St. Vincent was wrong. It was but a moment's work to erase St. Vincent and substitute Finisterre. Now her ten questions were correctly answered and she would very likely get the set of books. Why didn't she feel more elated over the prospect? Was—was that use of Marion's answer fair?

The tempter whispered, oh, so persuasively, "No body'll ever know. O, you are not going to give up that set of books for such a silly thing as that are you? You might have changed your answer, anyhow. You knew it was wrong."

Conscience whispered sturdily, "Well, you hadn't changed it until you saw Marion's paper. It's wrong, Helen Clark, and you know it."

After the girls had all left the room, Helen still sat there, with downcast eyes, and chin propped up on one hand. The time was nearly up. Suddenly she drew a quick breath, seized her eraser, rubbed out Finisterre, and wrote in firm black letters, "St. Vincent." She folded her paper and passed it to the teacher in charge, and hurriedly left the room.

Although several of the girls called out after her, Helen stopped for no one, but ran all the way home, fighting with the stubborn lump in her throat. She found her mother upstairs, in the sewing-room and, burying her face in her mother's lap, Helen poured forth the wretched tale.

"Mother, I despise myself," she sobbed. "I wanted to cheat, I wanted to cheat, I wanted to—"

Her mother kissed her tenderly and said soothingly, "It isn't the person who has never been tempted that has a perfect character, Helen, it's the person who has been tempted and who has overcome old Apollyon, that God loves, dear." Then, with a smile her daughter did not see, she added, "Even if your answer is incorrect, you were honest about it, Helen. But if I were you I would look in my geography and see which is right."

Helen rose and walked slowly down the stairs and for a few moments all was quiet. Suddenly there was a joyful shriek from the lower floor, and the patter of light feet up the stairs along the hall; then, into the room swept Helen,—all pink cheeks, shining eyes.

"Mother! Mother!" she shouted. "It is Cape St. Vincent! Mine was right. Oh, I'm so glad I was honest about it."

On the next afternoon old Dr. Robinson presented the beautiful books in his courtly manner, to a curly-haired little girl in a soft white dress, who bore the praise and applause heaped upon her with much modesty. Helen has many books but the Robinson prize books are her favorites. Not only does she love them for themselves but because it reminds her of her first struggle with and victory over old Apollyon.

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### The Washington Trip

*Raymond Leary, '14*



S some of our readers know, the Senior class at Scarborough High School this year is very small. Nevertheless, you could scarcely desire to see two more delighted people than Karl Sommers and myself, when we joined the Deering High School party, bound for Washington.



The trip to Boston was to us very eventful, for were we not, like "Chicken Little" on the way to see the world. We arrived in Boston at about three o'clock. We visited the State House, a building where we saw many old flags, Boston Common and several of the monuments. After eating our supper at the South Station and looked carefully to see if our money and tickets were safe, we started for Fall River.

Our steamer proved to be the Plymouth, and thanks to our chaperones we were safely lodged. If you think it is an easy thing to find one's stateroom among some 500 students, for we were not the only school travelling, you ought to try it. Up and down the decks we walked, through corridor after corridor, hunting for No.—It really seemed as if the officers on board the *Plymouth* had decided that we were a bad couple of boys who ought to be separated from everyone else, or perhaps he thought us too good for contact with the rest. It was a foggy night; we were three hours late. The view of "Liberty," standing in mid ocean, was not at all good, yet we could see the statue as we passed. Brooklyn Bridge and Thaw's former prison home were pointed out to us.

In the morning we were called by a sailor, and transferred to Jersey City on the ferry. From there we went to Philadelphia. Here we visited the Mint, coming away with our pockets full of gold coins, Carpenter's Hall, and Independence Hall. It was in the Quaker City that we met with our first misfortune. Gaily chaperoning two young ladies, we started out. The party had divided, one section going to certain places of interest, the other following the above course. One of the girls lost her rubbers, for it was raining hard—Philadelphia not being a city where rain is unknown—and stopped to put it on. The streets were crowded and we were lost in the jostle. I managed to catch sight of the coat of one of our former party and beckoned to the rest to follow me. But they thought that I was fooling them and kept on in the opposite direction. At last they followed my directions and found themselves safely guided to Market St. Station. Here the chaperones wouldn't let us drink any water, and we were nearly dead. Our visit to Philadelphia, regardless of our misfortune, was very inter-

esting. Miss Briggs met an acquaintance who guided us safely about the city.

On our way to Washington, from Philadelphia, we fell in with the tourist's agent, and he offered to show us around the city. We arrived in Washington at 7:30 and took taxis to the "Gordon" hotel. By paying two dollars extra we were given accommodations at this hotel, which proved to be unequalled in Washington. This evening we were left to our own resources. With several other boys we visited a moving picture show.

Sunday morning we were up at an early hour. The girls went to church and the boys went down into "The City" and purchased souvenirs. In the afternoon we took an automobile ride about the city. Our guide was very witty. As we were passing through the residential section of the city, he cried out, "These are the homes of the wealthy people—people so rich live here that the birds carry green backs and bills in their mouth; so rich that they have diamond tires on their autos; use gold dust for washing and checks on their harnesses.

Sunday evening we visited the Congressional Library. I shall not attempt to describe it. It is wonderful. One must see it to appreciate it.

Monday we went down to Mt. Vernon by trolley. The gardens there are beautiful. They are maintained at the expense of the government. The entrance to Washington's study has had to be closed by an iron gate, so many people have taken away souvenirs of the room.

In the kitchen one could purchase cheese and cake, also milk for luncheon.

Monday afternoon we went to Arlington, the National Cemetery, where we saw such familiar names as Lee and Grant. I was much interested in the old fort opposite, "Fort Myers," where about 500 horses and as many men were parading.

Tuesday and Wednesday we visited the following places. The Zoological Gardens, Pan American Building, Navy and War Building, National Museum, Smithsonian Institute, Treasury, and the Bureau of Printing and Engraving. Wednesday we also visited the Capitol. Here we were disappointed. We had hoped to



shake hands with the President, but he cancelled all engagements. We did not even see him, but visited the East Room and the Red and Blue Rooms.

Tuesday morning we visited the Monument, rode up to the very top, and walked down over 600 steps. After making this trip we went to the House of Representatives, Supreme Court, and the Senate.

In the Senate the subject of "Tariff on Grain was being discussed. One senator said, "The effect of the Tariff on Grain in the small cities, like Portland, is very small, for all grain is used for local consumption, and very little is sent away." I was dying, or thereabouts, to tell him that the greater part of Portland's grain is not used for local consumption, and that the Eastern Grain Company ships much of its grain to various parts of the world. However, I hope our good senators will enlighten him on the subject, and teach him that ignorance is not always bliss, even if it is folly to be wise. While in Washington we visited 21 different places, all of which space in the "Four Corners" will not allow me time to describe.

Thursday morning we started for home. We had reached Union Station, Washington, when I discovered I had forgotten my tickets. I had put them into an envelope lest I forget them, and had left the envelope securely locked in one of the bureau drawers of my room. It was 7:45, and the train left at 8:00 o'clock. I discovered that the tourist's agent was to return on a later train and would join our party in New York. So I returned to the hotel. I got my key, went to our room, looked in the bureau but the tickets were gone. I came down into the hotel parlor and saw a colored waiter on the walk, emptying a wastepaper barrel. I hailed him, made known what I wanted. After pawing the barrel, he got in out of sight, and came up with the envelope, which contained the ticket. I then took the train to New York and arrived there at 3 o'clock, having gone from 9 o'clock to 3 without any dinner. Our party separated in Boston.

My companion and myself decided to remain in Boston until night and take the boat home. We did not know that the rates had been raised, and foolishly spent our money for other things.

Thus we were preparing at 10 o'clock to take our naps without a stateroom, lacking the necessary fifty cents, and had made ourselves comfortable on stools and chairs, when we met an acquaintance who invited us to share his stateroom. Thus our Washington trip was very successful from the start even to the finish. We returned hoping that all who have a similar chance will not allow it to pass.

### Lottie's Success

*Elinor F. Harmon, '06*

**A**T the time this story begins Lottie French, a fourteen year old girl lived at Savannah, Georgia, with her mother and father and attended the High School where her father was principal. Lottie was a tall, slender girl with dark curly hair and brown eyes. Unlike most of her classmates she was very generous and spent most of her time among the poor people.

At the beginning of her second year of school her father was killed by an explosion of gunpowder so she and her mother soon had to change their home, not having sufficient means to live as they did when Mr. French was living.

Some of the girls made fun of Lottie's clothing, which, although neat and clean, was a little out of style. Lottie's face now wore a sad but beautiful expression and she often appeared to be deep in thought especially on music day which was Saturday. The girls often spoke of it and one of them Hazel Lee, teased her about it. Lottie said nothing, but laughed.

The next week when Tuesday came the girls waited by the door to meet her. This was a very uncommon occurrence. Hazel had planned to ask Lottie where she got the pattern of her dress, so she stood on the steps and waited for her to come. Suddenly the girls were amazed to hear Hazel whisper "Girls, who is that pretty girl coming up the walk?" It was Lottie; she did look very pretty in a white dress with a blue hat, her brown eyes were shining like stars as she said, "Good morning," to the girls, but they were too astonished to answer her. After a minute Hazel said, "What are you dressed that way for?" Lottie stopped and said slowly, "Girls, this is my last day at this school. I am going to live in



Virginia with my mother and my father's brother. I am sorry to leave you and sometime I hope we will see each other." Lottie went away the next day and the girls heard no more of her.

The class graduated in two years and all with the exception of two boys went to Kingsford college. Two years passed, but they heard nothing of Lottie.

At the end of the third year they heard she had gone abroad. They were graduated and all happily situated before they again heard from Lottie. That was six years after she had gone abroad. At this time they were planning to have a class reunion at Savannah when Hazel Lee saw an announcement that Loretta French was to sing for the first time in America at Savannah on January 14. The very date of their class reunion a large number planned to wait in the evening and hear her sing.

When they got to the auditorium they learned that Lottie was to hold a reception after singing. Soon after they were seated Lottie came to the stage and sung several songs with great success. At the beginning of the reception Hazel Lee pressed through the crowd and said to Lottie "Oh, Lottie, can you ever forget what I have said to you?" Lottie looked at her then said, "No, Hazel, I can't forget, but I will forgive you."

We now learn what Lottie was always thinking about when she was at school. After she went to live with her uncle he discovered her talent for music, and for four years gave her the best instructions possible, then he sent her to Europe where she studied diligently and turned out to be a very famous singer.

As for Hazel, she became more thoughtful after that, and was very kind to other girls even if their dresses were not made in the latest fashion.



## Editorials



VOL. II.

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	<i>This Years</i>	<i>Next Years</i>
Editor-in-Chief	Ruth Scammans, '14	Bessie Myers, '15
Exchange Editor	Gladys Urquhart	Gladys Urquhart, '15
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Alumni Editor	Elva Gilman '13	Ruth Scammans '14
	Class Editors [1913-1914]	
Raymond Leary '14	Bessie Myers '15	Elinor Harmon '16
	Vida Higgins '17	
	Class Editors [1914-1915]	
Elsie Spear '15	Georgi Wentworth '16	Vida Higgins '17

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IN this, the Graduation number of our school paper, we wish to express commendation for your endeavors and success with the FOUR CORNERS. This is only the second year of your work, and should it improve next year as much as it has done this year, you may well be proud. That your work has been successful this year has been proven by the earnest praise accorded you by other school papers. That several of these have noticed your improvements among an exchange list of fifty papers should be very gratifying. One of the most favorable criticisms has been concerning our art department. Sargent has been re-elected a member of the staff for another year. Get busy and help him,—there are other artists in the school.



Right here we would say that interest has been shown in the school paper this year by the student body, but still more is needed. We are publishing the names of the members of the new staff in this issue of the school paper. Do not leave everything to be done by the staff. The paper is yours not the staffs. If you know where you can get an advertisement, go get it. If you think that you can write a story, write it. If you are not sure, try it. You may surprise yourself. Don't leave the work for two or three. If you are not satisfied with the school paper, do something for it.


#### TEAM WORK

 TEAM work, whether on the athletic field, in the factory, in the government, in the school, or wherever it is found is the basis of the best work that can be accomplished. It is but one means of expressing loyalty to the organization of which you are a part. As you are loyal to the organization as a whole, you should be loyal to each individual.

If you are on the baseball field and another player makes a poor play don't "yag" him. That is just the time that he needs your encouragement. "Yagging" is one of the worst of faults at any time, but against your own player it is unpardonable. That its results are disastrous you have seen in both the work of your own team and that of your opponents.

The same thing is true in the class room. If a person misses the point and makes a poor recitation, don't laugh at him; think how you would feel in the same position.

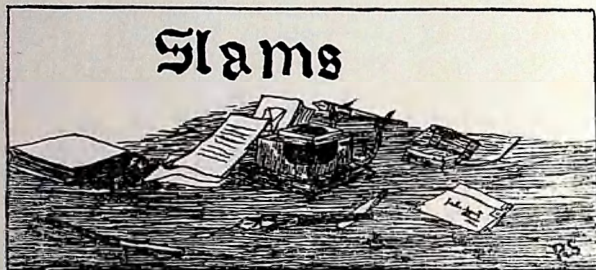
The same thing is true in life for which your school work is only a preparation. It is the team play that counts and that is the greatest lesson your school can teach you.

 O to you, Seniors, who so soon will leave us and to you who will soon be in their places, remember that you have a greater influence for good or for evil as to the standing of the school than any other persons. Be sure that your conduct and character are ever such as will reflect honor to the school which we all love.

## Alumni Notes

The next issue of the FOUR CORNERS will contain two letters from members of the Scarboro High School Alumni. All members interested in locating their classmates and schoolmates are requested to read these letters and to send one each year to the Editor-in-Chief of the FOUR CORNERS, Scarboro, Maine. We expected to have published one of these letters in this issue, but owing to the fact that this number must be at the printers at a date earlier than we expected we are unable to do so. If each member of the alumni will aid us—don't wait for some one else—in obtaining these letters the members of FOUR CORNERS will allow you any space desired. We are not publishing any alumni notes this time, thus you can see that the matter is left entirely with you to help us, and to you the alumni we appeal for most of the alumni news.

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Seniors were born for great things,  
Sophs were born for small,  
But it is not recorded why  
Freshmen were born at all.

[In Latin III] Miss S.: "One gave him great things to write about, the other lent him his ears."



[English I] Mr. Wish: "What is a man called that thinks more of eating than of anything else?"

Higgins '17: "A hog."

Mr. Wish: "What idea does this give you of the hermit's face and appearance?"

Miss B. '17: "It looks like dried peas."

Did any one notice where Raymond Leary stood in the Deering High picture. Oh yes, he was always a favorite with Pauline Varney.

Why is Miss Urquhart Glad[ys]? Is she really Ernest's?

How long has Pandora been a member of the baseball squad?

#### EXAMS.

The pacific province is warm but has mountains. They raise tropical fruits.—E. H. '16.

The So. Sea Company was a company who paid a debt to France and called it the National Debt and it was also the uprising of the So. Sea.—B. M. '15.

The chief railroads are found in most parts of the United States and are of great use to carry the passengers and different kinds of things like lumber to other states and of great many many other uses.—[Unknown and unclaimed.]

"I saw a friend of yours, to-day Helen."

H: "Which one was it? Was it really Mr. Smith?"

#### FRENCH QUESTIONS

Do crocodiles climb trees?

Do apples grow in the ground, and potatoes on trees?

#### LATIN QUESTIONS

Wanted a t once—Miss Peterson to divulge her secret of finding Latin words.

Wanted—A colored boy to close the door for Miss S. or Miss U. whose ever turn it happens to be.

Miss L.: "I want that singing or humming postponed until twelve o'clock."

All look at one another.

Miss L.: "Oh yes, you know who you are or the humming wouldn't stop when I spoke about it."

A certain Freshman boy had rather pick cherries with M. H. '17, than to go on missions with G. L. '17.

Guess who the girl was that disappointed Carl Carter at the party?

Why does Miss H. '17, like to sit in the big arm chair at Miss B. '17 party. Ans. Because she likes to sit beside H. L. '17 pretty well.

Who was the Black Knight. Ask Miss R '17.

Wanted—A mail box for Miss H. '17, and one of her friends [A boy].

#### UNCONGENIAL EXPRESSIONS

If you don't like your work, work harder.

Trying has never been beaten.

Pick up the waste paper on the floor.

Take out that gum and put it into the wastepaper basket.

Recess comes at the end of the sixth period to-day.

Have you read over your lessons to-day? Then show it.

If you say much more I'll make you pick it up yourself.

Wanted—A waste paper basket in the end of the room for Raymond Leary.

A small stand on which to sell gum for the benefit of the S. H. S. pupils.

A settee that will hold four of the English III boys.



Miss L.: "You must be more careful of your spelling. The re is a monument in Boston which has two misspelled words. Preliminaries is one of these words. The word Independence is spelled two different ways on the same monument; one way on the back and another on the front."

Miss T. '17 [to girls]: "I think they might have managed to have gotten both sides alike, the least they could have done."

Found: —A heart on H. L. '17 desk, believed to be that of V. H. '17.

A box of marshmallows on Miss S. '17 desk.

Why does Sargent jump up when Mr. Wish goes out?

H. L. staid out too late Wednesday night and so brought down consequences from Mr. Wish.

Why is H. '17 so bashful in school? But when he goes to surprise parties ? ? ?

The Freshman class has a hard time getting their lesson, but the greatest trouble is that they do not look at the right answers.

#### IRISH WIT

"What are you writing such a big hand for, Pat?"

"Why, you see, my grandmother is dafe, and I am writing a loud letter to her."

When James P. Brady first opened a lawyer's office in New York, he took a basement room which had previously been occupied by a cobbler. He was somewhat annoyed by the previous occupant's callers, and irritated by the fact that he had few of his own. One day an Irishman entered.

"The cobbler's gone, I see," he said.

"I should think he has," tartly responded Brady.

"And what do you sell," he said looking at the solitary table and the few law books.

"Blockheads," responded Brady.

"Be gorra," said the Irishman, "Ye must be doing a fine business—Ye hain't got but one left."

An Irishman and a Scotchman were lost on the prairie. When half starved, they killed a single quail. The quail was not enough for two meals, so they decided to keep it until the next morning, and the one having the most pleasant dream was to have it.

"An' what did ye dream," asked Pat, the next morning.

"Oh, I dreamed a beautiful dream," said the Scotchman. "I dreamed that Angels were drawing me up to heaven in a basket, and I was never before so happy."

Upon the Scotchman concluding his dream Pat exclaimed, "Och, sure and be jabbers, I saw ye going and thought ye wouldn't come back, and so I got up and ate the quail myself."

### Athletics

Baseball is the main branch of Athletics at present. Three games have been played, two with Cape Elizabeth which we lost, and one with Old Orchard High which was won 13 to 9.

The regular players and their positions are:—Sargent, r.f.; M. Libby, l.f.; Wentworth, s.s.; R. Leary, c.f.; Higgins, 3b.; O'Leary, 2b.; E. Libby, 1b.; H. Libby, p.; Caster, c.

### Exchanges

Since our last issue we have received the following Exchanges: *The Rostrum*, Guilford High School, Guilford, Me.; *The Pinkerton Critic*, Pinkerton Academy, Derry, N. H., 3 issues; *The Academy Echo*, Freedom Academy, Freedom, Me.; *The Racquet*, Portland High School, Portland, Me.; *The Red and Black*, Stevens High School, Claremont, N. H.; *The Olympian*, Biddeford High School, Biddeford, Me., 2 issues; *The Hebron Semester*, Hebron Academy, Hebron, Me., 2 issues; *The Clarion*, West Roxbury High School, Boston, Mass., 3 issues; *The Magnet*, Leominster High School, Leominster, Mass.; *The Washingtonia*, Washington State Normal School, Machias, Me.; *The Corona*, Bridgton High School, Bridgton, Me., 2 issues; *The Log*, Island Falls High School, Island Falls, Me.; *The Outlook*, Porter High School, Kezar Falls, Me.; *The Wreath*, Potter Academy, Sebago, Me.; *The Blue and White*, Westbrook High School, Westbrook, Me. *The Recorder*, Ellsworth High School, Ellsworth, Me.



## BITS FROM OUR EXCHANGES

Teachers cross

Zeros toss

Students sad

Lessons bad

Wonder why—O 'tis Monday.

Wife: "Wretch! Show me that letter."

Husband: "What letter?"

Wife: "The one in your pocket. It's from a woman. I can see it by the writing and you turned pale when you read it."

Husband: "Here it is. It's your dressmaker's bill."

Bull dog for sale. Will eat anything. Especially fond of children.

Latin Teacher: "Was there anyone in the class who wasn't troubled by the last sentence?"

Pupil: "I wasn't."

Latin Teacher: "Then you may translate it."

Pupil: "I didn't get that far."

## AS OTHERS LOOK AT US

"You are our only exchange that has songs. Your other departments are well developed."—*The Rostrum*, Guilford, Me.

"Welcome again. You are a well arranged paper."—*The Clarion*, West Roxbury, Me.

## AS WE LOOK AT OTHERS

*The Oracle*, Manchester, N. H.—"You are one of our best papers. We enjoy reading your stories."

*The Corona*, Bridgton, Me.—Welcome again. Your story, "The Orange Lie," is very interesting.

*The Hebron Semester*, Hebron, Me.—We enjoy receiving a paper from a higher school.

## School Notes

1917, we are very sorry to learn that Elmer Merrill has left school. There is a rumor that he will return to take the final examinations. We hope that this may prove true.

Three of the present Freshman class have decided to take up the study of Latin in their Sophomore year. Should they do so we recommend a three year's course as follows: Elementary Latin, Caesar and Virgil.

The drama entitled, "Mrs. Briggs of the Poultry Yard," which was repeated at Old Orchard was a great success. Financially it brought returns of \$42.00, with a clear gain of \$25.00. Old Orchard would thus seem a good place to repeat a drama. Miss Golding, who so ably assisted us in selling tickets, was given a note of thanks by the school and presented with two popular books. To her we owe the sale of about \$19.00 worth of tickets.

The Punchinello Show, given at the High School Building, Monday, May 24, was very entertaining. Especially did the phrase "That's the way to do it," make an impression on its audience. It was a refined and amusing production.

This term has taken away several of our scholars, the following being among the list: George Libby '17, Violet Laidlaw '17, Helen Chapman '17, Lawrence Sommers '17, and Karl Sommers '14. Mildred Richardson of Bridgton High, has joined the Freshman class.

Ralph Higgins, Clinton Higgins, Helen Carter and Almond Ward have been among the visitors at our school this term.

We have been very fortunate in having Mrs. Dolley [*nee* Helen King Marshall] as instructor in music this term. Mrs. Dolley is a vocal teacher of much experience and training, having taught music in the Buxton, Kennebunk and Old Orchard school. We hope that we shall be able to retain her another year.

On Memorial Day, a chorus of the High School girls sang at the exercises at the Dunstan Monument, under the direction of Mrs. Dolley.



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